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"Then, I'll sell it, my lord—I'll sell my ancestral estate willingly at just one price——"

"And that is?" interrupted the chancellor.

"At the rate of fourpence a load for every part of the estate—the purchaser binding himself to draw the whole away."

The chancellor was overmatched. All his questions were met as ably. The earl returned home in triumph, free of all the meshes of Chancery.

Beyond Castleward there is a fine range of mountains, bearing different names. Close to Strangford, on the left hand, is the summer residence of Mr. J. Blackwood Price, one of Ireland's best and most popular landlords. To the left is Old Court, the seat of Lord de Ros. The house is built mainly after the Elizabethan style. The grounds about it are very beautiful, but contracted. His lordship was in England during my visit. Some time ago he suffered the loss of one of his daughters, a lovely and most accomplished young lady, and universally beloved by all classes.

But the most interesting locality about Portaferry is the really romantic domain of Major Nugent, the highly esteemed and popular proprietor of the town. It is open to the inhabitants and to all strangers. It is one of the loveliest spots I have visited in any country. The grounds are extensive, and kept at all seasons in admirable order. While there I felt as in fairyland. From parts of the domain are to be obtained glorious views for many miles distant. Here you have the finest views of the lough, and of all the interesting objects on both sides of its shores. Seated, on the second evening of my visit, on one of the green slopes from which we looked down on the lough, I asked my companion if there were any traditions about the old castle of Portaferry, which stands in the town, almost close to the shore, and which is much dilapidated.

"I don't know of any," she replied. "There are five old castles in this county, all in sight of each other, and which have existed, it is said, since the days of King John. The only tale I have heard is about Audley Castle during the Rebellion of '98."

I begged her to relate to me the tale, which she did most kindly, and I give the story in her own words, as well as I can remember them. The tale may bear the title—

THE REBEL OF AUDLEY CASTLE.

A TALE OF THE IRISH REBELLION OF '98.

Some days before the celebrated battle of Ballynahinch, a numerous band of rebels, all Ardsmen, advanced on Portaferry, resolved to take the town and sack it. They were to have been under the command of Charles Maxwell, a young man holding a small property in the Ards, and of respectable connexions. He had heartily thrown himself into the revolutionary movement; and his high character, his position in society, his great popularity with the peasantry, his energy, and his well-known brave and chivalric spirit caused him to hold a high command under the general-in-chief of the rebel forces, with whom he was intimately acquainted. Maxwell was absent on urgent business connected with the rebellion, when the Ardsmen were induced by unwise counsels to assemble from all parts to advance on Portaferry. They were too precipitate; in the absence of Maxwell they were not under proper command; and, although they made a desperate assault on the town and sacrificed many lives, they were bravely repulsed by the yeomanry under Mr. Nugent, aided by the king's cutter, stationed at Portaferry, commanded by Captain Hopkins, who had anchored his vessel close to the Quay, and swept the streets with his cannon, slaughtering many of the rebels.

Maxwell arrived at the close of the conflict, collected as many as he could of the flying rebels, spent several days increasing their numbers, and finally marched his band to Ballynahinch. In the fiercely-fought and disastrous battle which ensued there between the rebel forces and the royal army, he bore a distinguished part; and when, after a terrible conflict, the former were put to utter rout, Maxwell, slightly wounded, escaped on horseback, and sought security near to Annalong, a small fishing village at the foot of the celebrated Morne mountains. Although unaware of any watch having

been on him, yet had he been anxiously observed all the day by one who took no part in the conflict, although in the ranks of the rebels, and who bore towards him most bitter enmity. When in the thick of the conflict, Maxwell, who fought like a lion, and ever led the charges of his men, was beaten back and several times apparently cut down, the spectator referred to was unable to repress his exultation. With muttered execrations he saw Maxwell escape in safety, and following him cautiously in his flight for hours, he traced him to his hiding-place.

Two days afterwards this man might have been observed holding a close conversation with Captain Hopkins, on board the royal cutter, at Portaferry. Within an hour the cutter lifted anchor and made out to the channel.

Once across the Bar, her course was directed towards Annalong, and shortly after eleven o'clock at night she crept in close to the shore, and was anchored near the village. The object of her commander was to make a prisoner of Charles Maxwell; but he was disappointed. A half-witted creature, called Andy Moore, had been gathering shell-fish along the shore until darkness set in. He observed the royal cutter hovering about the offing, and aware of the fugitive rebel being concealed in the neighbourhood, and having been warned to be on the look-out, he at once suspected the cause of the cutter's appearance. He fled to the house, gave the alarm, and before the cutter had come to at Annalong, Charles Maxwell was away up the mountains, having Andy Moore as his guide. In this way he escaped; and, still accompanied by Moore, on the second night, after his flight from Annalong, they reached Audley Castle. Maxwell was drawn to the locality of Strangford by a love affair. He was engaged to a beautiful young girl, the daughter of a most respectable farmer in the neighbourhood; and he wished to see her before leaving the country, perhaps for ever.

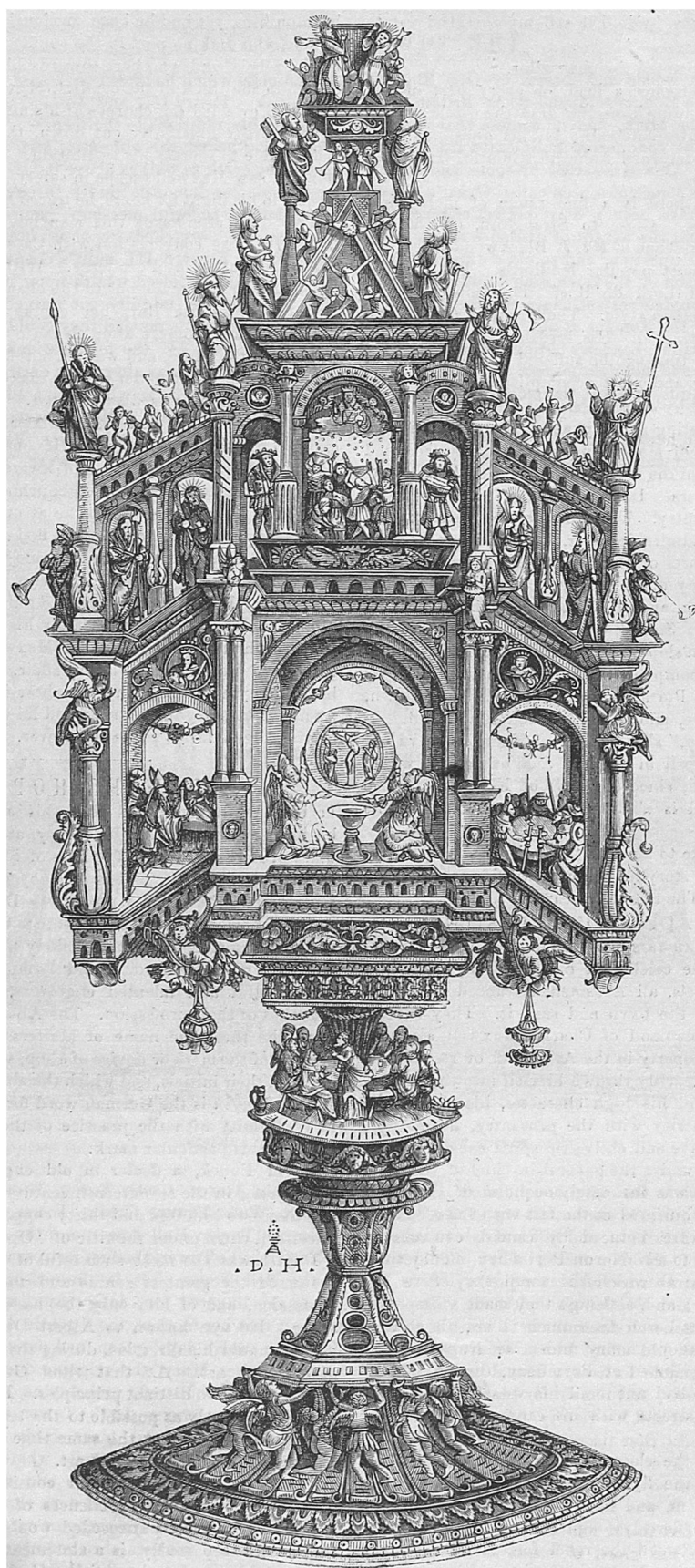
DANIEL HOPFER.

It is generally supposed that this artist was born at the beginning of the sixteenth century, at Nuremberg, the birth-place of Albert Durer. The date of his death is as uncertain as that of his birth, and it has never yet been satisfactorily ascertained whether his name was Daniel or David. Most writers, however, give the preference to the former, and from many circumstances it seems likely that they are right. He had two brothers, Jerome and Lambert, who, like himself, were skilful and talented engravers, and followed all the branches of their profession. The Abbé de Marolles bestowed upon the three the name of Masters of the Candlestick, on account of the mark or device of a hop, which was always placed between their initials, and which the abbé mistook for a candlestick. *Hopfen* is the German word for hop; and the Hopfers, in conformity with the practice of the day, adopted as their emblem this particular mark.

David Funck, a dealer in old engravings, who lived at Nuremberg in the seventeenth century, and who possessed no less than two hundred and thirty copperplates of these artists, published them under the title of "*Opera Hopperiana*."

Daniel was the most successful of the three brothers; he possessed the greatest genius and the greatest love for his profession, and of him only the history of art takes cognisance. He was known to Albert Durer, and for some time worked under his direction, during the most flourishing period of German art. At that time German engravers were governed by two distinct principles. First, they attempted to adhere as closely as possible to the teachings of their purely German school, but at the same time to unite with this the elevating influence of Italian art.

The merit of Daniel Hopfer consisted in uniting, in his own performances, the excellences of these two schools. To say that he perfectly succeeded would be erroneous; to say that he did so partially, is a statement which his works bear out. His taste was essentially Gothic; and many of his figures are incorrect. In ornamental work he was chiefly conspicuous. One of the most perfect and beautiful of his productions is, an engraving which represents our Saviour warning his apostles of false prophets, who are indicated by



SILVER VESSEL ENGRAVED BY DANIEL HOPFER.

Pharisees and the ecclesiastics of the Roman Catholic Church: this seems clearly enough to show that Hopfer was a Lu-

theran. To sacred subjects he nearly always adhered; and they are remarkable for vigour and elegance.